

met with the *Utopian* Philosopher, or the wise Man of the Mountain, as he is called, and thought in him he had found the Friend he wanted; for though he often pretended to be in Distress, and abandoned to the Frowns of Fortune, this Man always relieved him, and with such Cheerfulness and Sincerity, that concluding he had found out the only Man to whom he ought to open both his Purse and his Heart, he let him so far into his Secrets, as to desire his Assistance in hiding a large Sum of Money, which he wanted to conceal, lest the Prince of the Country, who was absolute, should, by the Advice of his wicked Minister, put him to Death for his Gold. The two Philosophers met and hid the Money, which the Stranger, after some Days, went to see, but found it gone. How was he struck to the Heart, when he found that his Friend, whom he had often tried, and who had relieved him in his Distress, could not withstand this Temptation, but broke through the sacred Bonds of Friendship, and turned even
 a Thief

a Thief for Gold which he did not want, as he was already very rich. Oh! said he, what is the Heart of Man made of? Why am I condemned to live among People who have no Sincerity, and who barter the most sacred Ties of Friendship and Humanity for the Dirt that we tread on? Had I lost my Gold and found a real Friend, I should have been happy with the Exchange, but now I am most miserable. After some Time he wiped off his Tears, and being determined not to be so imposed on, he had Recourse to Cunning, and the Arts of Life. He went to his pretended Friend with a cheerful Countenance, told him he had more Gold to hide, and desired him to appoint a Time when they might go together, and open the Earth to put it into the same Pot; the other, in Hopes of getting more Wealth, appointed the next Evening. They went together, opened the Ground, and found the Money they had first placed there, for the artful Wretch, he so much confided in, had conveyed it again into the Pot, in order to obtain more.

Our